

"My Day"

Martha Roscoe, Secretary and Assistant to the Coordinator

Nine A. M., Tuesday morning. I have just time to hang up my coat and get the fire lighted when the phone rings. The Red light --Line One-- flashes.

"Defense Council! -- I'm sorry. This isn't the Ration Board. Their number is 3204. -- You're welcome."

Mr. Ham hasn't come in yet. He's busy on some Defense work "over Arcata way." Perhaps I'll have a bit of time to work on those Auxiliary Emergency Vehicle Permit (Blackout Driving to you) applications before he gets here with those Blue Lake Personnel Cards I'm expecting.

That phone again. The Green Light --Line Two -- this time.

"Defense Council! -- You need a ~~xxxx~~ new truck? Yes, I can tell you. See Lantz Smith, at the Chamber of Commerce. Phone 618. He handles Priorities for the W.P.B. -- You're welcome."

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I have the letter about those Permit applications half written. The Red Light flickers again.

"Defense Council! -- Yes, I'll be glad to. Come in during your lunch hour, and I'll give you ~~an~~ application and ~~a~~ physical examination blank for enrollment in the evening class for Volunteer Nurses' Aides. Better drop in today, as the new class has just started. We'll look for you. -- Goodbye."

Another line on that letter to Mr. Helms. When in trips the cutest little trick you ever saw. A young War bride, whose husband has just been shipped overseas. She already has a full-time War job, but she wants to feel, as we all do, that she is "doing something for Defense", and she signs up for the evening class for Volunteer Nurses' Aides. I wish more would come in. The hospitals need them so badly.

The letter is barely finished when a man in a tin hat walks in. Do we need more volunteers for the Observation Post? He's working the graveyard shift at C.B.I., but he has served at a Post in Del Norte, and he thought we might use him. That's a quickie. Hally Eastman, our Chief Observer, will be glad to hear about him.

Mr. Ham arrives with the mail. A new batch of Blackout Driving applications from Florence Henderson at the Eureka Defense Council, (Remember, the deadline isn't far off now.) ~~A~~ new State War Council Bulletin to check and digest, (We must read them all carefully. They may contain information or instruction which must be acted on immediately.) A request for a Defense film and a speaker for one of the Granges, a notice that the film for the next Air Raid Wardens' meeting has been placed, and ---

"Defense Cluncil!" The Green Light this time, for Mr. Ham is phoning Loran Bishop, County Salvage Chairman, on Line 1. We have a letter

authorizing the Ration Board to allow Mr. Pearson Special Gasoline to haul Weitchpec's huge pile of scrap in to town.

My call is a girl who wants to give her police dog to "Dogs for Defense". (They must conserve their Red Points now.)

Before I've had time to answer, the White Light - Line Three - flashes.

I say to the girl, " Please hold the phone. I have a call on another line." (There's always the chance that it's a Real Alert on ~~this~~ our phone, you know.)

This time it's Gladys Littlefair, Assistant Chief of County Emergency Medical Service.

"I'm talking on another line, Gladys. May I call you back? -- O. K."

Back to the "Dogs for Defense" query. When I've given her the address in San Francisco of the people who handle this matter, I get back to Mrs. Littlefair.

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She's jubilant about receiving another Medical Survey in this morning's mail. And will I please mail a copy of Medical Bulletin No. 2 to Mrs. Pasco, at Fields Landing?

"O. K. "

I get out the Call Lists and Incident Sheets relating to last Friday's Countywide Incident Test Drill, to go over them with Mr. Ham and make a note of the "bugs" in some of the local set-ups, and in our own. (We must remember to have extra pencils at every phone, and at every seat at the Control Table next time. Incidents won't wait for broken pencils.)

That call from Commander Jasper for an Army detail to handle the supposed Jap paratroopers who supposedly landed in the hills back of Fortuna was a honey.

Communications were too slow in some places, though. The supposed raid was all over before some Councils were mobilized. That must be

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remedied. The Japs must find us on our toes.

Mr. McCarthy, Regional Protection Officer, calls to tell us that all applications for O. C. D. Service Ribbons must be accompanied by the name, the Defense Council, and the number of hours served of each person nominated to receive the Award. Can do.

Mr. Stowe, the oh so charming Albatross, arrives. For more personnel lists for this Special Edition. I hope I haven't omitted anybody who ought to be listed.

It's getting on toward eleven, and the script for the Civilian Defense Reporter broadcast must be prepared. So while Mrs. Stowe goes over the "dummy" with Mr. Ham, I listen with one ear and type the broadcast with the other. Not literally, you understand!

(O. C. D. = Office of Civilian Defense)

That Red Light again.

"Defense Council! -- That's right, the Transport Officers will meet here this evening at 7:30 sharp. --You're welcome."

As this conversation finishes, the Green Light shows. I don't even lower the receiver, (Those motion picture gags of business men with a receiver at each ear, ^{are} ~~is~~ sometimes literally true in this office.) but punch No. 2 button on the panel.

This time it's Weaverville calling. The U. S. Forest Service. Mr. Schick is expected to drop in to our office today. When he comes, will we have him call Weaverville?

The radio script is ready, and Mr. Ham will take it down to KIEM on his way to lunch.

I give Mrs. Stowe what I have ready for her Special Edition. Can't promise, of course, but I'll try to have the rest by evening. If

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there aren't too many diversions. She's terrifically nice about it all, but I know she thinks I'm inexcusably slow.

There's another letter to write, too, - a film request for the Civil Air Patrol, to be used for one of their semi-weekly programs. And a requisition for some binders to hold the Bulletins needed by the Emergency Medical Service units in the county.

I mustn't forget to tell Mr. Ham about the visitor we had after he'd gone last night - the Chairman of a County Defense Council in Nevada who was looking over the local County and City Defense organizations. He complimented us on what we had already accomplished, gave us some interesting information about his Defense problems, (We're glad we aren't the only ones who have 'em.) and gave us his address, so that he might get a CD Special Edition.

Some more work on those personnel lists for Mrs. Stowe.

And on our Personnel Registration Cards.

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Hhmn! Here's a nurse who failed to tell us where she'd been born.

She was born, of course. Like Will Rogers, we take that for granted..

A phone call remedies that situation. Luckily, she was on a day shift at a local hospital. It isn't so simple to check the out-of-town cards. Having 'em filled in ⁱⁿ full before mailing may be more trouble at first, but it saves time in the long run. Especially in case of accident or death, when these cards are essential.

Another visitor, - a woman this time, who tells me all about the wonderful crop of prunes she has, and why she has to have extra sugar, before I have time to sandwich in a word to tell her that "Annie doesn't Live Here Anymore", - in ~~next~~ other words, THE RATION BOARD HAS MOVED TO 802 FIFTH STREET.

Noon. Ethel Tracy comes in and stays to "Alert" the Defense Headquarters while I have lunch. And bless her soul, she has brought us a whole basket of peaches. Just four peaches, mind you, but you should see them! She wants to show us that their Defense Council is not the

only thing at Willow Creek worth writing about.

I strongly suspect she brought those peaches to "show up" Mr. Ham, who brought in a monstrous zucchini from his Arcata Victory Garden the other day and nonchalantly described it as "one of the small ones".

Oh, well, just wait until I bring in some really choice Mattole apples.

A quick lunch, and I polish off the last of the lists for the Special Edition, thanks to Adah Morrison, of the Eureka Women's Division, who has come in to work on the new map which is being installed in the Women's Division office. I don't know what we'd do without that woman. She types my last list and takes it down to the newspaper for me.

There's some work which must get in the mails tonight. So "My Day" job must wait. Perhaps I'll have to do "My Day" ~~jam~~ tonight!

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Mr. Nisson, County Gas Officer, drops in to loan us his "Sniff Set" for identification of war gases for use in our Defense class, and to pick up some of the "Gas Attack" instructions which he has prepared to give to all householders.

And this reminds me to phone Mr. Coupal and arrange to get some more practice incendiary bombs for demonstration work in our next Defense class.

Incidentally, you should have seen Vada Jennings extinguish an incendiary at our last demonstration. Ruby Shanahan, at the other end of the stirrup pump, was worth watching, too.

We've had inquiries about the Nurse Cadet Training being offered girls under the provisions of the Bolton Act. Mr. Ham wants to know more about that. I call Winifred Hill, our County Nurses' Deputy. She has all the information there^{is} on the subject, and will be glad to

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share it.

The Red Light. "Defense Council! -- No, - you'll find the Ration Board at 3204."

Another call. Paul Arvidson of the Cutten Defense Council this time. Giving me the date for the Community Defense meeting to be held in the Cutten School next Tuesday evening. Will the films on "A New Fire Bomb" and "What to Do in a Gas Attack" still be available? And can we supply a speaker as well?

"I think we can get Mr. Bowersox, but we'll have to call you back."

After checking the date with Mr. B., I call back, and final details are cared for. We must arrange for the use of a projector, and get an operator to handle it, too.

In walks Mr. Schick, which means checking the line-up of programs to be furnished for the National Forest Fire Prevention Program. Sabotage of our forests, and incendiary fires must be prevented or kept to

the minimum. We cannot afford to waste our forests at this critical period. Before Mr. Schick leaves, we have lined up five meetings on this phase of Defense.

And I've been keeping Mr. Bowersox waiting. And Mrs. Morrison, who has come back to go over with us plans for Thursday's Civilian Defense class. We decide on a Panel Discussion about our local and county Defense organizations. Everyone needs to know where and how to ask for help if help is needed.

Mr. Bowersox leaves to check the War Production classes at C.B.I.

Adah leaves.

It's getting on towards five.

Mr. Ham has a conference with one of his County chairmen. Harold Prior this time. Their earnest manner warns me that they are "cooking up" more CD activity. What next?

He's quiet about it, - but that man Ham gets around. And he gets things done.

My first boss, Mr. McCarthy, did, too. I breathe a sigh of relief to think that we have men like them supervising and coordinating the activities of the thousands of people who are helping out in one way and another to keep Humboldt prepared and well defended on the Home Front.

Mr. Ham leaves. He has three or four places to go before he gets back to that Victory Garden of his and his fabulous zucchinis.

Five o'clock.

I haven't written "My Day" yet. I haven't caught up with the Personnel Cards yet. I haven't mimeographed the blanks for the Inventory of Fire Equipment for Tony Gosselin yet. I haven't checked all that road equipment for our Transport Officer yet. I haven't cleaned out that folder of "Unfinished Business" in my basket yet. I haven't said

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a word about Nell Tewksbury, or Frances Green, or Ida May Smith, or the many other volunteers who from time to time have helped with clerical work or who have served "Alert" or "Duty" shifts. I haven't-----

But here comes a dear little grey-haired lady with a box of records for the American Legion. They're to be sent to the lads in the jungles, and other places on our far-flung battle front, where they aren't able to use ^a the radio. I thank her, put them in the store-room, and make a note to phone the Legion Commander, Mr. Langer, in the morning. We fixed up three large boxes of records last week. Records Mrs. McCarthy collected to be sent to California Army camps. Those went to the Presidio for distribution.

Oh, me! Tomorrow's ~~xx~~ another day. Maybe I'll get more done tomorrow.

That Red Light again!

"Defense Council!" ---No, madam, I can't give you a shoe certificate to replace the pair your goat chewed up. You'll have to call the Ration Board. Phone 3204."

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